# December.

## Ægloga Duodecima.

### ARGVMENT.

*THis Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasinge starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable harueste wherein the fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.*

THe gentle shepheard satte beside a spynge,
All in the shadowe of a bushye bryere,
That *Colin* hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of *Tityrus* his songs did lere.
There as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.



# December.

O soueraigne *Pan* thou God of she
Which of our tender Lambkins ta
And when our flocks into mischaun
Doest saue from mischiefe the vnw
Als of their maisters hast no les
Then of the flocks, which thou

I thee beseche (so be thou deigne t
Rude ditties tund to shepheards D
Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy
Hearken awhile from thy green
The rurall song of carefull Col

Whilome in youth, when flowrd m
Like Swallow swift I wandred h
For heate of heedlesse lust me so di
That I of doubted daunger had n
I went the waste full woodes a
Withouten dreade of Wolues

I wont to raunge amydde the maz
And gather nuttes to make me C
And toyed oft to chace the trembli
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, til chee
What wreaked I of wintrye ag
Tho deemed I, my spring wou

How often haue I scaled the crago
All to dislodge the Rauen of her n
Howe haue I wearied with many
The stately Walnut tree, the whil
Under the tree fell all for nuts a
For ylike to me was libertee a

And for I was in thilke same loos
(Whether the Muse, so wrought
Or I to much beleeued my shephe
Somedele ybent to song and musi